

GATHERED LILIES

POEMS OF SYMPATHY AND COMFORT
FOR THE BEREAVED.

BY

REV. W. H. PORTER, M. A.

AUTHOR OF "CONVERSE WITH THE KING," "THE YEAR
ROUND," ETC., ETC.

With stricken hearts, in grief, and sore,
Kind words of sympathy are sure,
Like healing balm, to soothe the pain,
Or, like the warm, reviving rain,
That renovates the drooping grain,
To cause faint hopes to spring again.

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" Our dead yet live. The stone marked burial
Contains not them. No tomb can hold the m
In brightest realms their golden voices sound ;
In service high their powers employment find
Grand thoughts are theirs beyond earth's s
bound—

O, bring us soon to them, Lord God, most kin

Gathered Lilies.

GATHERED LILY.

" My beloved is gone down to His garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies."—CANT. 6:2.

The stone marked burial ground
No tomb can hold the mind.
Their golden voices sound ;
Their powers employment find.
Theirs beyond earth's shadowy
hem, Lord God, most kind !"

Beautiful flowers, in wreath and bouquet,
On casket containing one fairer than they ;
A flower celestial, that earthward did stray,
To gladden with beauty and fragrance its day ;
To bloom, and then wither, and vanish away
From earth's cold and darkness, to heaven's bright day.

Beautiful flower, more precious than gold,
Or jewels,—of worth that can never be told ;
A flower that drew its rich life from a heart
That breaks in its clinging, and effort to part
From its dear cherished treasure,—ah me, let me fold
Thee again to my bosom ;—oh death, thou art cold !

Beautiful flower—pale lily to-day,
It was like to a lovely young rosebud in May ;
Alas, that such treasures so transient should be,
And pleasures and hopes should so suddenly flee ;
But thanks to the wisdom that orders in love,
And gathers our lilies for gardens above.

SENT FOR.

The thunder had ceased, and the lightning's wild
When, swift as its flash, ere the breaking of day
From its fragile tenement, flitted away
An innocent soul ; and the waxen form lay,
As beautiful after its drenching of pain,
As a pure white rosebud after the rain.

It had sweetly solaced many an hour
Of a stricken life by its gentle power ;
But too early reft of a fond mother's love,
It had soon been sent for to join her above ;
So like a lost birdling brought home to its nest,
It nestles again on its own mother's breast.

OUR BABE.

Take a fond, farewell look,
At the sweet babe ;
Ere we consign her form
To the lone grave.

Take a long loving look,
Kiss the white brow.
But do not as she seems,
Think of her now.

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Take a last loving look—
Weep not my dear,
Only the casket cold.
Lies confined here.

Think of our darling one,
Free from its clay,
Basking in light and bliss,
Not far away.

Think of the little one,
In our new home,
Tenderly cared for.
Till we shall come.

Think of her, bright and free,
Learning to know
All we could wish to teach
Her here below.

Take a last lingering look
At the dear babe,
Soon to be laid away,
Cold in the grave.

But dearest, look not there,
Look to the skies,
Where the blest spirit waits.
Till she arise.

Take a last farewell look,
Come love away,
Till night and sorrow past.
We meet in day.

A MOTHERS' LAMENT

The dark-winged angel, death, passed by,
On the night's broad path of gloom ;
And with hovering wing, and with eagle eye,
He paused in his speed of doom :

As he saw where the watcher's lamplight blazed
A child in disturbed repose ;
And the eyes then dimmed with disease, he gazed
And the limbs benumbed he froze.

And the weepers bent o'er that bed of rest,
As they mourned their loved one dead ;
But the tears that fell warmed not its breast,
It sleeps in its lonely bed.

It is gone to its rest, my darling one,
To the narrow, voiceless grave ;
And I almost murmured at the One
Who took, what in trust He gave.

For the flowers of hope in a mother's heart,
Are rooted so deep and strong,
That their tendrils cling with affection's art,
Though the stems be sundered long.

But I must not grieve, I would not recall
From its pure and fadeless bloom,
My cherished one, though it were my all,
To this world of death and gloom.

ERS' LAMENT

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But I'll press in memory's hallowed leaf,
The bud of my opening flower,
As Eve would have pressed in her hopeless grief,
A petal from Eden's bower.

And I'll bless the hand that lent it now,
For the idol of my love,
Was wont to enshrine itself below,
But now it's enshrined above.

RESURRECTION.

Come with me this lovely morning,
To the graveyard's sacred mound ;
Bring some fragrant little flower,
For the dear one 'neath the ground.

Do not bring a wild field flower—
She among them never strayed ;
No, nor one culled from the garden,
Flowers with which she never played.

Bring the little grave a flower,
From the rose beside our bed ;
That exhaled its kindly odors,
Round her little living head.

Come away with me this morning,
To the graveyard's little mound ;
We may weep as once did Jesus,
For the dear one 'neath the ground.

Not the tears of murmuring sorrow,
But of mingled hope and love ;
Tears through which we look not downward,
But through which we glance above.

Tears that glisten with the sunlight,
Of the day beyond the sky ;
Where the ones we love and cherish,
Live, and love, but never die.

Come away this lovely morning,
To the little new-made mound ;
Where 'neath earth's cold shroud we laid her,
Tender verdure clothes the ground.

Leaves from nature's graves respringing,
Resurrection truths declare ;
Telling that the form there buried,
Shall in beauty reappear.

Though in weakness and corruption,
Mouldering now in dust it lies ;
Yet in glory and perfection,
From the grave it shall arise.

Come with me this lovely morning,
To the little grassy mound ;
Spring breathes resurrection lessons,
Of the dear one 'neath the ground.

CALLED HOME.

"To depart, and to be with Christ, is far better."
—PHIL. 1:23

He lived right well, and nobly served his day ;
And ere the heat of noon, was called away.
His comrades looked around, bewildered, dumb ;
The Lord had taken him from ills to come.

From morn to night, through all the busy days,
God's eyes had been upon his servant's ways ;
And finding none more faithful in the land,
He took him to be at His own right hand.

Dwelling too far away, for what he would
Do for his Master, if he only could ;
Knowing this servant loved His work so well,
The King had him called home with Him to dwell.

His heart renewed in all, and cleansed with blood,
Was pure and stainless.—so his life was good ;
And thus accounted worthy of such grace,
He now beholds the glory of God's face.

Others beheld the face of Moses shine,
Though he knew not that he appeared divine ;
Even so our brother did not seem to know
What heavenly graces on himself did glow.

And now shall vain regrets, or blinded love,
Grudge him his service sweet, or bliss above ?
Ah, no, but grateful for his life below,
Let us so live that we his joys may know.

HATTIE'S LAST NIGHT.

Mrs. Arnold, the dear friend at whose house
 took sick and died, on being asked, "Who
 watch, &c." said, "No one will need to. The
 will watch with Hattie to-night."

The final hour seemed drawing nigh,
 When she must ford death's chilling stream,
 And things unseen, unfancied try,
 Awaking from earth's shadowy dream.

Friends gentler raised her throbbing head,
 And stilled the children's lightest play;
 And moved more softly round the bed,
 Where weary, weak, and wan she lay.

But through the stillness and alarms,
 Where death's pale phantoms came and went,
 Unseen, unheard, angelic forms,
 Were hovering on their mission bent.

They gently soothed the sufferer's pain,
 Fanned with their wings her burning face,
 Triumphant showed her last foe slain,
 Through the Redeemer's conquering grace.

Then with adieu to friends, and tears,
 On wings of light, and arms of love;
 Forever past the reach of fears,
 They wafted her to realms above.

The patient sufferer sweetly sleeps;
 Her fever's fierce spent fire is o'er;
 The grave in trust her body keeps,
 Her soul in bliss dwells evermore.

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COMING HOME.

What is it pains my throbbing heart,
And make the blinding tear-drops start,
At sight of thee, "sweet home?"
Why seem so dim my finest gold,
And brightest sunbeams dark and cold,
As through its halls I roam?

Why seem my lovely rose-buds pale,
And dimpled arms like sleeves of mail.
As eagerly they fold
A heart that sinks like heavy lead,
In bosom yearning for its dead,
With ardency untold?

O beaming eyes, and lips so sweet ;
The radiant face that used to greet
Me at the open door :—
Those hands that clasped, the fond embrace,
The kiss that time cannot efface,
I meet, alas, no more.

What ! have I deafly heard them all,
Nor felt fond childhood's kisses fall,
Midst welcome's ringing cheer ?
Forgive, my children, if behind
Your joyous greeting, memories find
But the unbidden tear.

But shall I in my grief rebel ?
Ah no, "He doeth all things well,"
Though sad the heart and sore ;
For through the darkness gleams a ray,
My loved one seems not far away,
But *nearer* than before.

OUR MOTHER.

Thou art gone too soon to leave us,
But thy memory'll linger long ;
Mother-like, with dark eyes beaming
Fondly mid her infant throng.

We will miss thee all too sadly,
As each morning greets the eye ;
And yet more, when shadows lengthen
Neath the evening's purple sky.

When to see the sunset glories,
Gild the clouds, and tinge the skies ;
Grouped beneath the old oak shadow,
—All but those admiring eyes—

How we'll miss from our number
Tender tones we loved to hear ;
And in fancy picture truly,
As of old, thy presence here.

When the twilight gathers softly,
And the stars begin to gleam ;
Vividly to memory's vision,
Children-circled, thou wilt seem

Just as real as in the bygone,
That like gold, has slipped away.
When in prayer we knelt beside thee,
At the quiet close of day.

We will miss thee from our circle,
Childhood's guardian-angel dear ;—
Joys unshared, and griefs unlightened,
Through the slow revolving year.

MOTHER.

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We will miss thee when the russet
 Leaves of autumn waver down ;
 And then when the leafless branches
 Tremble at the winter's frown.

We will miss thee when the spring time
 Flings its fragrance to the breeze ;
 And the green leaves, blade, and blossom.
 Clothe the forest, fields, and trees.

We will miss thee when the summer
 Lingers neath its evening skies ;
 And the starry arches glimmer,
 As if lit with spirit's eyes ; —

Does our mother miss us ever ?
 Childhood's wondering fancies cry ;
 But the silent stars ne'er answer,
 Nor the summer's evening sigh.

Yet a secret something whispers
 Sweetly to the inward ear,
 That an angel hovers ever,
 Like a mother's spirit near.

And we know that when the ransomed
 Gather in their home above,
 We shall never, never miss thee,
 From the circle of our love.

But in perfect praise and pleasure,
 Where the bright leaves wither not,
 We shall meet our sainted mother,
 Sorrows o'er, and tears forgot.

FATHER (A. HARRIS).

Our father served his age with liberal mind,
And though in manner stern, his heart was kind.

Through all his active life he wrought with skill
To render labor less, and more fulfil.

He gained through prosperous toil a fair renown
Yet craved his Master's fame more than his own

He laid up for his loved ones gold in store,
Yet freely gave to God, and to the poor.

Though rich in gifts, dispensed through all the land,
Yet poor he came to God with empty hand.

Relying not on ought that he had done,
His trust was wholly, only, on God's Son.

He knew the Gospel well, and felt its power,
And so was ever firm in trial's hour.

He humbly trod the path of faith and love,
And laid up treasures in the world above.

His faith appeared in deed, more than in word,
And thus he copied after his dear Lord.

His day well spent, its course with honor run,
Its clouds grew bright with its late setting sun.

His early friends and loved ones gone to rest,
He too would fain be gathered with the blest.

His prayer was heard, his memory loved will be,
And his reward be rich eternally.

(A. HARRIS).

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MY SAVIOUR.

Dear Saviour, may I call Thee mine?
 My hope, my friend, my guide?
 Perish in ruins all that would
 With Thee my heart divide.

My Saviour's pard'ning voice I'd hear.
 His saving pow'r adore,
 And have his love and zeal inspire
 My own yet more and more.

My Saviour's hallow'd cross I'd bear,
 Who bore the cross for me,
 And who in shameful agony
 Expired upon the tree.

My Saviour's lowly mind I'd have,
 Ambitious thoughts at rest,
 And walking in his heav'nly ways
 Be with his presence blest.

My Saviour's arm I'd lean upon,
 His power alone I'd prove;
 And knowing only his sweet will,
 I'd prompt to duty move.

My Saviour's loving words I'd hear,
 His wondrous works I'd trace,
 Till called to dwell forever near,
 And gaze upon his face.

I KNOW NOT—I KNOW.

I know not what may be my lot,
In palace grand, or lowly cot ;
But humble though my home may be,
The King of Glory dwells with me.

CHORUS.

“ For I know whom I have believed :
And am persuaded that He is able
To keep that which I’ve committed
Unto Him against that day.”

I know not what may be my pain,
My grief, my loss, my joy, or gain :
But having Him my soul hath claimed,
The Christ of God. “ I’m not ashamed.”

Chorus—“ For I know whom,” etc.

I know not what fond friend may go
And leave me, or become my foe ;
But having found the Friend I need,
He’ll ever be my friend indeed.

Chorus—“ For I know whom,” etc.

I know not what the way may be,
The time or place He’ll come for me ;
But little need I fear or care,
How life may close, or when, or where.

Chorus —“ For I know whom,” etc.

NOT—I KNOW.

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lowly cot ;
my home may be,
dwells with me.

ORUS.

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